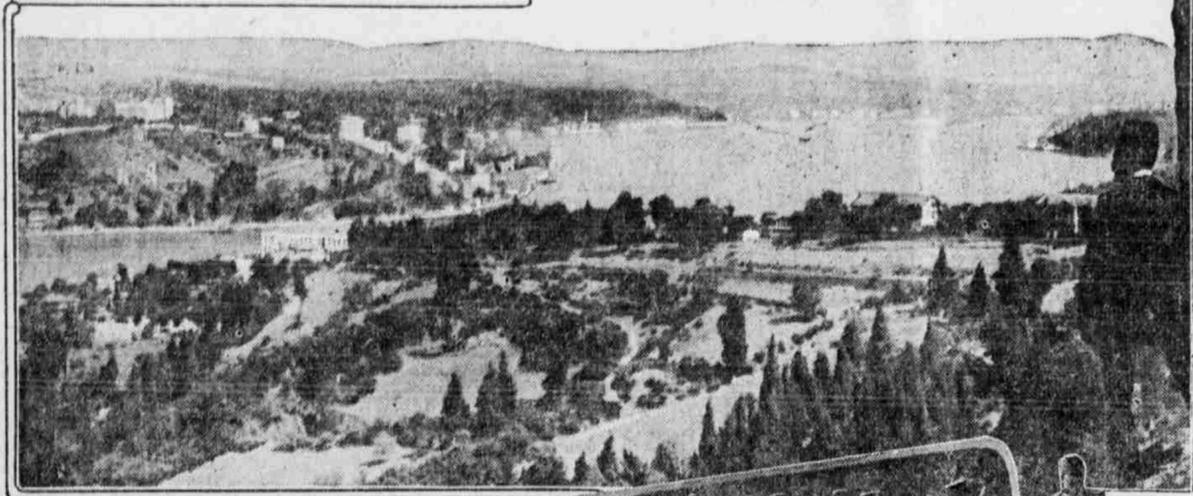


The TURKS in CONFLICT

In the PUBLIC EYE

THEIR women bring flowers and sweets to wounded enemy in hospitals—Nation has conducted warfare in a very clean-handed manner



LOOKING DOWN ON CONSTANTINOPLE FROM HOSPITAL FOR ENEMY WOUNDED

THE average American the Turk is a swarthy cutthroat waving a scimitar, bellowing "Allah," and wallowing in the blood of infidel glories. History is responsible for the epithets "terrible" and "unspeakable" which have clung so tenaciously to the popular conception of the Ottoman that it comes as a rude shock to find the average Turk a human being, and, furthermore, decidedly "speakable." Thus writes Theodore N. Packman in the New York Tribune.

During the recent British campaign in Mesopotamia a band of Arabs, retaining all their ancient notions of warfare, proved a thorn in the flesh of both the English and Turkish forces. Hovering about the flanks of both armies, they raided first one side and then the other, choosing opportunities for securing the most plunder with the least risk to themselves. Those tactics naturally proved so annoying to both sides that one commander sent his opponent the following message:

"I am thoroughly tired of these Bedouin robbers and their treachery. You must be also. Let us, therefore, make a truce with one another for two or three days and mete out to these Arabs such punishment as will put an end to their tricks."

The author of this unusual request was not the British commander, but the "unspeakable" Turk! The Turk who writes of this incident does not add what answer was given, but it is safe to say that such a sporting proposition could not be turned down by a true Britisher.

From the very entrance of Turkey into this world war—a step repulsive to a people already heartily sick of being drafted into the ranks—the English press has taken a different attitude toward their Turkish foes than it has toward the Teutons. A glancing of the leading periodicals reveals countless incidents of the Turks' chivalry as fighters and above-board methods when not under the direct observation of their German officers.

"I have such admiration for the Turks," wrote a British officer serving in Mesopotamia to the London Morning Post, February 7, "the pukka Turks, I mean, not the Kurdish savages who butcher Armenians or the Bagdad Turco-Arabs, that I wonder more and more how they ever came into the war at all. They did a thing after Ctesiphon that commands recognition. A bargeload of 300 of our wounded stuck in the mud, and with some medical personnel on board had to be abandoned. The Turks towed the barge downstream, and under cover of the white flag sent the whole lot, including the medical personnel, back to the British camp unharmed in any way."

"I know of two wounded British officers left out the night after the battle who were found by the Turks. In both cases the Turks took away all their equipment, haversack, belt, revolver, papers and field glasses, but both men say they were not harmed in any way. In the case of one man they gave him water to drink, loosened his coat and made him more comfortable. They left both for our people to collect the next morning. It is the Arabs who maltreat our wounded and commit all sorts of atrocities."

Recent dispatches from that far distant front—so brief as to escape general notice—have disclosed the same attitude between the lines of the meager official reports. After the fall of Kut-el-Amara the Turkish commander gave General Townshend back his sword. Later reports announced the exchange of disabled prisoners, suggested by the Turks!

From another theater of the war where the Turks have been fighting comes the story of an incident of the common soldier's attitude. In a letter published in the London Times of February 8 a British officer wrote from Salonki:

"Imagine this war! Some of our people went out on a reconnaissance in front of the line where there were a number of Turks. The latter were as courteous as possible and showed them the best places for geese and helped to stalk them!" From the Gallipoli peninsula, however, have come the most tales of the individual bravery and



TURKISH CAVALRY GUARDING CONSTANTINOPLE



BUILDING AT LEFT CENTER IS WAR HOSPITAL—CONSTANTINOPLE

courtesy of the Turk as a fighting man. A dozen instances could be mentioned. Truces were suggested by the Turks to allow both sides to bury their dead; a dozen more of occasions where Red Cross flags and flags of truce were carefully respected.

When the Turks were plunged into the war by the Germans English business men of fighting age in Constantinople immediately offered their services to the king, although on amicable relations with the Turks. In one instance one of these Englishmen, who was assigned to the fleet at the Dardanelles as interpreter with the rank of lieutenant, was sent forward to meet a Turkish officer advancing under a flag of truce.

Imagine the lieutenant's surprise to find the Turkish officer one of his respected friends of Constantinople. The truce quickly arranged, they chatted for a few moments, and while the lieutenant was returning to his lines a stray shrapnel burst near him. The next day a profuse apology for the accident reached him from the "unspeakable" Turk.

The New Zealand and Australian forces, themselves no amateurs at the game of fighting from natural cover, found much to learn from the Turks, who as individuals showed great ingenuity and sportsmanship in their ruses. Often a Turk, completely disguised as a bush or a small tree by tying greens about him, picked off many a Tommy before the game was discovered.

At one point in the Anzac region a Turkish sniper was giving the English some trouble, and an Irishman, who was a good shot was told off to deal with him. For the next few minutes the two, at no great distance, took turns in trying to account for each other.

At last the Turk wounded the Irishman. Then those who were watching the marksman's contest saw the Turk creep cautiously from his shelter, leaving his rifle behind him. He crossed the space to his enemy and assisted him in binding up his wounds from the emergency kit with which each British soldier is supplied. Then the two men shared a drink of water and some smokes and the Turk crept back to his trench.

It is a long, long way from the Turk "set in authority" and entering into pacts with Germany to the simple-minded individual sitting cross-legged in a coffeehouse smoking a nargile reclining by his "sweet waters," making kef or even fighting a war in the trenches for a cause in which he himself is sure to lose, no matter which side wins.

The Turkish government, withal, is vile. American residents in Constantinople during the conflict have found the native newspapers full of officially inspired articles designed to stir up pop-

ular feeling against the British when the underlying sentiment has tended dangerously against Germany's aspirations. One preposterous news story related in great detail how, during the Turkish feast of Qairam, the Turkish troops threw cigarettes over into the British trenches, and how the British retaliated by throwing back snokes which would explode and injure the faces of the Moslem troops.

The writer remembers the startling dispatches to the press in the Turkish capital during the first Balkan war. In the week that the Bulgarians pushed the Turks back to Tchataldja the total number of kilometers advanced by the Turks in the news dispatches would have placed the Turkish army somewhere in Scandinavia.

"No nation could possibly have conducted warfare on a more aboveboard and clean-handed manner than the Turks," said Norman Wilkinson, the English artist, after a visit to Gallipoli. "A thousand plies that the Turks should have been guilty of such fiendish acts as the Armenian massacres; for had it not been for this the Turk would have emerged from this trial with a character from which the stain of lust and cruelty had been effectively removed."

Visitors to the hospitals of Constantinople have been almost mobbed by slightly wounded soldiers in their eagerness to share the wild flowers brought in from the banks of the Bosphorus. When the flowers are distributed the inevitable cigarettes come next.

If no other incident could be cited to banish the adjective "unspeakable" in connection with the Turk, the following related by an American who served in a Turkish hospital would suffice:

"A young Australian of twenty, with a nasty shrapnel wound in the thigh, chanced to be the only Britisher placed in a Turkish hospital at Beylerbey, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus. As the news of this lone English-speaking boy filtered through the native village, the old haunts—the elder women—outdid themselves in visiting the lad and bearing him flowers and sweets.

"Perhaps he has a mother in England who is waiting for him," was the remark of one of them. So much attention was given the Australian that the other wounded in the hospital took to growling tremendously whenever visitors would enter. In the hope of attracting part of the attention. Of course, their motive was evident, for the wounded Turk is the last man in the world to give way to his feelings under pain.

"The Turkish doctor in charge was actually too kind to the lad, for in his solicitude to remove every fragment of the shrapnel he kept opening the wound every few days, until the boy could stand it no longer and succumbed.

"He was buried with full military honors, and, after the Turkish custom, the coffin was borne upon the shoulders of a squad for fully five miles from Beylerbey to the English cemetery at Hal-dar Pacha. There, beneath the cypresses that shelter the English troops killed in the Crimean war—men whom Florence Nightingale could not save—they laid the Australian away. Rev. Robert Frew, the English pastor, beloved alike by the Turks and British, read the burial service. The lad had a Christian funeral, with a company of Moslem troops as a guard of honor."

"TOP" CRAVEN GOT HIS WISH

When "Top" Craven left port on the old frigate Minnesota as a navy ensign he crawled under a tarpaulin before he was out of sight of land to die in peace. At the end of the second day he was still under the tarpaulin and considerably disappointed because the Minnesota had not gone down. A friendly officer looked in upon him from time to time.

"Is there anything you want?" asked the officer.

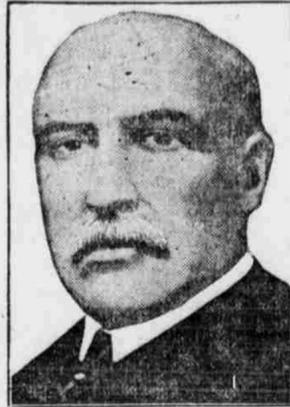
"You bet there is," moaned "Top." "I want a good big hole on dry land to crawl into."

Today the brilliant thatch which gave him his nickname has mostly disappeared and he is lovingly called "Old Man" Craven. He sits in a great office on the nineteenth floor of 154 Nassau street and pores over plans and specifications which are to give New York city its dual subway system, the greatest underground transit system in the world. At last "Top" Craven got his wish. He now has a "hole on dry land to crawl into," several of them, in fact, and when they are completed they will be the largest and the longest in the world.

Alfred Craven is chief engineer of the New York public service commission and draws a salary of \$20,000 a year, the highest remuneration paid to any public official in the state of New York.

After graduating from private school in Bound Rock, N. J., at seventeen, Craven secured a congressional appointment at the United States Naval academy, which was then temporarily located at Newport, R. I., owing to the Civil war. He was graduated as ensign and six years later promoted to the rank of master, having been presented by congress with a service medal.

He then resigned and joined the state geological survey of California. When this survey was completed he took up the study of irrigation and devised plans which later helped to make the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys more fertile and productive. Later he joined the miners at Virginia City as an engineer, which proved decidedly profitable.



OUR WITTY VICE PRESIDENT



Here is Vice President Marshall's latest bon mot: In the course of the senate proceedings one morning he called for a vote on an amendment that was of such a routine nature that no senator had enough interest in it to go to the bother of expressing himself.

"All in favor please vote aye," said Marshall.

And nobody said aye.

"All opposed say nay," directed Marshall.

And nobody said nay.

"Very well," ruled Marshall, quickly, "the vote is a tie. The vice president votes aye. The ayes have it."

Mr. Marshall used to be a newspaper owner and editor. The other day an old newspaper friend from Indiana was visiting the vice president, and in showing the Indianan about Mr. Marshall took him into the press gallery of the senate. The vice president looked around to see if there were any of the boys he knew, and, recognizing one, he presented his Indiana friend.

"Do you think you can qualify as a newspaper man so as to register your friend?" the vice president was asked.

"Qualify, eh?" ejaculated Mr. Marshall, "my paper was sued for \$20,000 libel once."

MRS. WILSON RESOURCEFUL

Possibly because of her successful business career, possibly because she was born that way, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson is mighty quick-witted, resourceful and self-reliant. She gave a little exhibition of these qualities the other day while out shopping. When she entered a modiste's shop on Connecticut avenue she forgot to put on the brakes in her electric machine.

While Mrs. Wilson was trying on a hat, a salesgirl, looking through a window, exclaimed:

"Oh, there is an auto running loose down the street."

Mrs. Wilson dropped the hat, left the shop on the run and jumped into the electric, which was rapidly gaining momentum as it rolled away.

Mrs. Wilson quickly stopped the car, whirled it about and brought it to a stop in front of the shop. After carefully adjusting the brakes, she re-entered the shop.

"I'll try that hat on again, now," smiled the first lady of the land to the salesgirl.



WHEN BROUSSARD WAS KING



Senator Robert F. Broussard of Louisiana is the only United States senator who has ever served as king of Honduras.

Broussard used to spend a great deal of time in Central America, and once he happened to be a guest at the palace of Honduras when there occurred one of those fascinating little Central American revolutions, such as have popularized a great many of our busiest writers of adventure fiction.

The ruler that Broussard was visiting was driven from the palace, but the revolutionists were unable to install the new ruler they had picked for the job. So it was agreed by the two factions that Bob Broussard, so long as he was right there on hand, should act as a sort of king pro tempore.

Broussard, however, did not lean much toward the king business under the circumstances. He was free to admit that with conditions right he might be willing to take up kinging as a permanent occupation. But he did not wish to butt in on their revolution. So in a quiet, unostentatious manner he vacated his throne, hung up his crown on the hat rack, speaking figuratively, and made his way across the country's border, leaving his entire kingdom flat on its back.